

POETRY BY THE PAGE

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FOR JERRY PARKER

poetry surrounds us
crazy Joe with
his painted moustache
curl above the
blacked-out tooth
seen smiling for
once but waiting,
sitting outside his
barbershop for
some kid to chase
and scream at
or some other
day, sweeping
the streets conversing
with passing cars
and haranguing buses
crazy Joe

or the old pug
outside the
Blinker cafe, posing
for the poem as if
he didn't know
how sad and beat
he was, fists in
the air all smiles
or streetcorners,
porches, lost
uncluttered
playgrounds, snapped
shuttered boarding
houses
the first line is
supposed to be
ironic
the last is
poetry

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